

LIFE.

A little time for labor.
A little time for play.
And then there comes eternal night
Or else eternal day!

A little time for joying.
A little time for grief.
And then we fall into the grave,
As falls the autumn leaf!

A little time for laughter.
A little time for tears.
And then an ocean gathers up
The measure of our years!

A little time for loving.
A little time for hate.
And then, with swift and shuddering feet,
We open an unknown gate!

A little time for slinging.
A little time for wall.
And then our sails are torn to shreds
Before an unknown gale!

A little time for meeting.
A little time to part.
And then a cruel hand tears away
The flowers born in the heart!

A little time to waken.
A little time to nod.
And then, in gloom, we're fed upon
The image of the God!

—Hamilton Jay, in Florida Times-Union.

A SOLDIER LOVER.

I was while staying with my friend, Tom Grant, at his father's place, in the quiet little town of Bedford, that I met the St. Cyrille girls. They were famous all the country over for their beauty; in fact, it is safe to say that no single family in Westmoreland, and perhaps in all England, could rival the equals in physical loveliness of these three sisters. Their family was an old one, very proud, and their grim, gray-headed old father was as proud as his lineage was lofty and his income scant.

They were all blonds of the purest north of England type. Maude, the eldest, was the tallest of the three, and a veritable queen in her manner and gait. Laura, the second, was almost as stately, and had the same royal poise of the head as her elder sister. But it was Eunice, the youngest, a child of 17, who, to my mind, carried off the palm as the fairest of the three.

And it was Eunice, with her soft cheeks of cream and rose, that my friend Tom was enamored.

He had left school three years before me, and was now a lieutenant in the army, but our friendship had not been forgotten. Tom was the idol of his father and mother, and as handsome a young officer as any to be found in her majesty's army.

His beauty was quite the opposite to Eunice's. He was very tall and broad-shouldered for his 23 years and had thick, coal-black eyebrows and hair. His face was as yet innocent of a mustache, but his resolute mouth and squarely set jaws gave it all the manliness necessary.

I remembered how bitterly I envied him when he slipped Eunice's arm into his own in the church porch and led the way toward the St. Cyrilles' house, while I followed with Maud and Laura, to whom I had previously been introduced. I defy the world to produce a handsomer pair than these two. Eunice's head reached scarcely to her lover's shoulder, and the bewitching yet childishly innocent way she had of glancing up into his face would have lured a lifelong hermit from his solitude to woo her.

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PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

"—He—'I never shall be truly happy. I have too complex a nature.' She—'Complex? And papa said he believed you were simple.'—Indianapolis Journal.

"—She—'Yes, that is Mr. Gamboe, the artist. He is wedded to his art.' He—'Judging from his appearance, I should say that he didn't marry for money.'—Boston Transcript.

"—Ah, me, my heart is full!" sighed the girl who had been taking advantage of her leap-year privilege until she found herself engaged to five men.—Yonkers Statesman.

"—Gadsooks!—'We don't seem to hear anything nowadays about the coming woman.' Zounds!—'No, because she has already come, and is now off on her wheel.'—N. Y. Tribune.

"—Officer—'What is the meaning of this?' Recruit—'Don't know.' Officer—'Idiot! to walk about in a thing and not know what it is! Well, can you tell now?' Recruit—'A pair of boots.'—Hilgard's Blatier.

"—Officer—'What did you want, sir?' Citizen—'Somebody has stolen my watch, and I want you to hunt the rascal up and give him the key to it. It raises the mischief with a watch to let it run down, you know.'—Boston Transcript.

"—Adjustable—'You must have misunderstood me, waiter. These are real cutlets, breaded, aren't they?'—'Yes, sah.' 'I ordered pork tenderloin.' 'Yes, sah. Jes' take off de breaded part of it, sah, an' dare am de pork tenderloin, sah.'—Chicago Tribune.

"Both Ends of the Dispute."—"This improper ex-Governor," said Mr. Dolan, "is a terrible hand for an arguement." "He is that same," replied Mrs. Dolan. "Jegorrah, there's a mon that'll hove the liver worrid, evin if he has to be the furrst to mintion it."—Washington Star.

"—Geographical Item.—'Your trip to Italy must have been very pleasant,' said one of the most intelligent young ladies in Austin to Simpson, who had just returned from a foreign strand. "Very interesting indeed," answered he. "Now tell me," said she, "does Italy look like a boot?" You know, that the way is looks on the map."—Texas Siftings.

SHOPPING IN THE EAST.

Size Which Leads to at Least Four Trips Before It Is Completed.

There is nothing dull or commonplace about shopping or shopkeeping in the east. Every man's shop is much more literally his stronghold than the Englishman's house is his castle, and every customer's appearance is the signal for a siege. The unconscionable length of time necessary to develop a bargain in Turkey accounts, perhaps, for the perpetual crowd in the bazaar. Whoever wishes to buy anything of which the price is not commonly known and fixed by custom must return many times to the assault before he gets what he wants. The consequence is that where every customer comes four times instead of once to the shop where he has business there are four times as many people in the tortuous passages and labyrinthine ways of the bazaar as should legitimately correspond to the amount of the business actually done.

When you first see the object for which you are looking you must be blind, not let your features betray by the least expression that you are interested. Next you should ask the price of at least 100 articles in the shop, being careful, however, not to omit the one you need, lest the omission should make the shopkeeper suspect that you want it. You will then send for coffee and say that you have not come to buy anything, but have merely made the inquiries out of curiosity. A few days later come and again ask the price of several things. On your third visit you may allow yourself to look more closely at what you have mentally selected, and to offer the shopkeeper not more than one-third of what he asks. On the fourth day prepare for a final pitched battle. If you do not look unrighteously rich and have not the appearance of a tenderfoot, you may consider that you have done fairly well if you pay in the end about two-thirds of what was demanded.

But this roundabout process has compensations after all so real as to be almost attractive in themselves. Everything is mysterious in the bazaar and much is beautiful. A walled city within a walled city, and again an almost impenetrable fortress within that, cut up in all directions by narrow passages, blind alleys and crossways, the whole being vaulted and roofed and entirely lighted by countless little domes—a labyrinthine Cretan in its complications and puzzling even to those who inhabit it, crowded by a busy, jostling, motley multitude, drawn together from all quarters of the globe, and filled in all its recesses to very overflowing with every production of western civilization and eastern art.—F. Marion Crawford's "Constantinople."

Arousing After-Dinner Enthusiasm. At a public dinner there was on the table in front of Edward Everett an ornate dish, with two miniature silk American flags stuck into the table. A waiter removed it to the sideboard that it might be carved. As soon as Mr. Everett missed the dish he seemed seriously annoyed and whispered to another waiter to replace it. A gentleman sitting near noticed this little by scene and was surprised that the great man should appear annoyed at the disappearance of the dish and delighted at its reappearance. When the orator made his speech in response to a national toast the mystery was explained. For as he warmed with his theme—the greatness of the republic—he spoke of the emotions excited by the flag of the union, whose folds they beheld gracefully festooned around the walls. Suddenly, as it moved by the impulse of the moment, he seized the two little flags from the dish and waved them, one in each hand, above his head, and the company applauded the impromptu act.—Chicago Chronicle.

Among the Animals. In an omnibus an ill-behaved male passenger made a grinning when a very stout old lady got in. "Hippopotamus!" he exclaimed, under his breath, but so loudly that the lady heard him. "Sir," she said, "you know as well as I do that this is not a hippopotamus."

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